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ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

Volume XXXVIII

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Contents

With the Editors.....	3
The Siege of Berlin..... <i>A. M. Aloff</i>	5
Alumni Notes.....	6
Cartoons..... <i>Harold Farber</i>	8
Current Events.....	9
"Only Children"..... <i>Jos. H. Melhado</i>	14
Athletics..... <i>Nat. A. Barrows</i>	17
Cartoons..... <i>Chas. G. Cronos</i>	21
Exchanges..... <i>Chandler M. Wright</i>	22
Comical Cracks..... <i>Oscar Brodney</i>	24

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The New Building

This term, for the first time in many years, the second year class is in the main building. The class of '25 thus obtains a great handicap over previous classes, and it is to be hoped that they will take full advantage of their opportunity.

Much may be said for and against the present arrangement. It is undoubtedly inconvenient in some ways: the increased crowds in the corridor, for instance, that hinder travel between classes, or the fact that one is likely to have one class in 109, the next in 351, and perhaps the third in 110. Another result of this change and of the growth of the school is the fact that not more than a third of those in the main building can meet together, for the assembly hall is much too small.

On the other hand, the growth of the school is a favorable sign, for it shows that more and more boys from the intermediate schools are realizing the benefits of a high-school education.

The union under one roof tends to simplify the arrangement of classes, for the second year class is no longer divided between two buildings. The troublesome trip from the Franklin Union to drill is eliminated. The various clubs and organizations need no longer be restricted to Juniors and Seniors, and the members of the lower classes are no longer forced to be "out of things" because they are physically removed from the others.

The most important benefit to the school from the new arrangement is the unity of spirit which it must promote. "In union there is strength," and union of spirit is much easier to achieve when there is physical union. Co-operation and good-fellowship will be increased, and English High will continue that leadership in both scholarship and athletics, that has made her famous thruout the country.

J. H. M

WHAT IS LAUGHED AT ELSEWHERE

"Go to father," she said,
 When I asked her to wed.
 Now I knew very well that
 Her father was dead,
 And also I knew what
 A life he had led,
 So her meaning was plain
 As could be when she said,
 "Go to father." *Pioneer.*

French Prof.: "Elle avait une jolie figure ronde."

Class: "Ha ha ha!"

F. P.: "Zero for everybody. 'Figure' means face."

Panorama.

* * * * *

Pat: "How much do yez weigh, Mike?"

Mike: "Oi weigh wan hundred and sivent-y-foive pounds."

Pat: "Ye must of got weighed wid your overcoat on."

Mike: "Oi didn't, Oi held it in me arms all of the time."

Pasadena Chronicle.

* * * * *

"A man shadowed me all the way home yesterday."

"Did you scream?"

"Of course not, he carried my parasol."

Generator.

THE "SIEGE" OF BERLIN

by A. M. Aloff

We were going up the Avenue Champs-Elysees, Doctor V and I, when he stopped, and showing me one of those houses near the Arc de Triomphe, "Do you see," said he, "those four closed windows up there to the left of the balcony? In the first days of August, that terrible month of 1870, I was called there for a case of apoplexy.

"It was at the house of Colonel Massieu, a lancer under the first Napoleon, who, at the beginning of the war, came to assist at the triumphal return of the troops.

"News of the first defeat came to him as he was leaving the table. On reading this disheartening communication, he fell smitten with apoplexy.

"I found the old lancer stretched his full length on the carpet, motionless. Beside him, in tears, knelt his granddaughter. The sadness of the child touched me.

"I did my best to reassure her, and then turned my attention to the colonel. It was a serious case. For two days, in fact, he remained in a stupor. Then came news of a great victory. It seemed a miracle: thirty thousand Prussians killed, their prince a prisoner. What echo of the universal joy awoke the patient I do not know, but as I approached his bedside, I could hardly believe it was the same man. His eye was clear, the expression energetic.

"He smiled at me and exclaimed twice, with an effort: 'Vic-to-ry!' 'Yes, colonel, a great victory.'

"And as I gave the details of the battle, I saw his features relax, his face light up. As I turned to go, his granddaughter appeared, having evidently cried a good deal. I got her out of the room and protested, 'But he is saved. What is the trouble?'

"Then I heard the news of the real battle. The first had been a deception. The truth of the matter was: the commander in flight, the army crushed. I trembled for the old man. What was to be done? It would kill him to hear of a single man lost in conflict. But this could be kept from him only by deceit.

"Very well, I will have to deceive him," said the brave girl, simply.

"There came a long period of lost battles. Every day was reported news of some new loss by our troops. But every Prussian victory, after it had passed our hands, became a French victory.

"In vain did we take cities, win battles, we could never go fast enough for this old soldier. For long periods at a time he would lie, and, by means of a map spread out on the wall near him, explain how he would move if he were in command. Each day I described to him new operations of the armies, and he commented on them.

"At last he exclaimed, 'How we go! In ten days we shall enter Berlin!' The grim reality was, however, that in ten days the Germans would probably enter Paris.

"A few days later Germany notified France of her peace terms. At once the colonel learned that France was considering the peace terms for Germany. 'Ah!' he said, 'France must not be harsh to her conquered foe. Were I in power, I would forgive Germany, since this war was caused not by the German people, but by its misguided rulers, who thought only of conquest. But, thanks to God, we shall now have peace!'

"A week later, as he sat by his window, he perceived from far off a long line of gray. Springing to his feet and rush-

ing to the balcony, he recognized the dark uniforms of the German army. Then, in the gloomy silence of the streets, was heard a terrible cry: 'To arms!—To arms!—The Prussians!' and the advance guard, looking up to the balcony saw a tall old man totter, move his arms, and fall. This time Colonel Massieu was indeed dead."

ALUMNI

Paul G. Kirk, Editor-in-Chief of the "*Record*" last year, and Colonel of the High School Cadets, still retains his interest in drill, as he is a Sergeant-Major in the National Guard. He is now attending Harvard.

* * * * *

Louis Magazine, Business Manager of the "*Record*" last year, is now Asst. Manager of the Kenton Hat Stores, of New York.

* * * * *

Albert Morris is at Dartmouth, and William Meehan is at Tech.

We know all our old Record men will be a credit to English, wherever they are.

* * * * *

Barney H. Pearlmutter, formerly of English High School, is knocking them dead in Lowell Textile Institute. When Barney graduated from English, he was determined to show the wilds of Lowell what English High grads are capable of doing. Barney, in his freshman year, made the Lowell Textile football team. Since he has been on the team, that is three years, the team has been showing up all of its old rivals. Barney is one of Charlie Lebon's boys, and at fullback for Lowell, is showing the world that *one* of his boys is doing good.

* * * * *

Frankie Whelton, one of our "old time" track stars, found out that to be away from English High School and Boston, is like being away from home, so he got transferred from the University of Vermont and is coming down to the Hub of the Universe to carry on the good work. He is now at B. U. Law School.

* * * * *

"For it's Orange Blossom Time"

James H. Santosuosso, former English High School star, heard Cupid's call and responded forthwith. Mrs. Santosuosso was formerly Miss Mary Murphy of 30 Norton Street, Dorchester.

* * * * *

"Let the Wedding Bells ring out"

Cupid's next victim was Walter Leo Whalen, champion high jumper. Although Walter was a champion athlete, all his athletic prowess couldn't overcome the fragile darts of the cherub, Cupid. Walter was a bright light in athletics while at English. Later he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and then from Harvard. He was a member of the U. S. Olympic team. He married Miss Frances Monica Reilly, in the City of Brotherly Love.

* * * * *

Whom should we get a letter from, but Sid Bidell, former Editor-in-Chief of the English High School *Record*. It was post-marked Berlin, which shows that S. B. is bound to knock the eyes out of the Deutsch. He said he was spending

his business vacation there, and having a marvelous time. As always, he goes where he can get the most food out of the least money. I suppose that was what he meant when he said, "business vacation." He remarks that a six-course beef dinner with steak and champagne, cost one dollar and forty-five cents. And last but not least, he sends best wishes for the *Record*.

* * * * *

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, English High School was honored by a visit from Messrs. Clarence H. Carter and Louis H. Sullivan, of the class of 1873.

After his graduation from this school, Mr. Sullivan attended the Mass. Institute of Technology, following which he went to Paris, where he was graduated from the Academie des Beaux Arts. He is now one of our leading architects, and his autobiography is at present appearing in the National Architects' Magazine. This biography will later appear in book form, and the author has promised to present a copy to English High.

Mr. Sullivan's visit last month was his first in many years. Until then, he had never seen the present home of the school, although it has occupied the same building since 1880.

His visit was of several hours' duration, during which he was shown over the buildings and through the various classrooms. He intends, he says, to put in his memoirs comparative impressions of English High School, from the points of view of an under-graduate and a graduate.

Mr. Carter is a resident of Boston, and one of English High's most active alumni. He was a leader in the centenary and other celebrations, and has long been conspicuous for his English High School spirit and his willingness to do whatever he can for the old school.

The class of '73, to which both these gentlemen belong, will hold its fiftieth reunion before the close of this term. This class has a record to be proud of: not one year since graduation has the class of '73 failed to hold its annual reunion. Let us hope that fifty years from now, we can boast as much.

* * * * *

Meyer Nimkoff, president of the English High School Class of '21, received a scholarship from the Buck Educational Fund, in Boston University. Another specimen of English. The Buck Fund is the most valuable of all funds in collegiate circles in that a man may receive appointment in his freshman year, and may be carried through his collegiate course and two years of post graduate work in this country or abroad, if his work is satisfactory. The appointments are based on scholarship, character, and personality.

The Class of '21 is to be congratulated upon having such an able president as Mr. Nimkoff. The Class knew what it was about, when it elected its president. Indeed the election was made for the same reasons that got Mr. Nimkoff his scholarship, which shows that the president of the Class of '21 hasn't lost any of his manly character and fine personality.

* * * * *

Edward Kirstein '20, writes from New Mexico, where he is camping in the desert with an engineering party engaged in laying out state roads through the desert. Ed is another of our boys who are making good, but although he is doing very well, he didn't forget to write:

"It is all Spanish down here. How I wish I had studied it at English."

Familiar Signs and Scenes

JOE'S OFFICE



THE EVOLUTION OF A CLASSY COLLAR

WHAT WAS CALLED
CLASS IN 1912



IN 1916



IN 1920



IN 1922



IN 1924



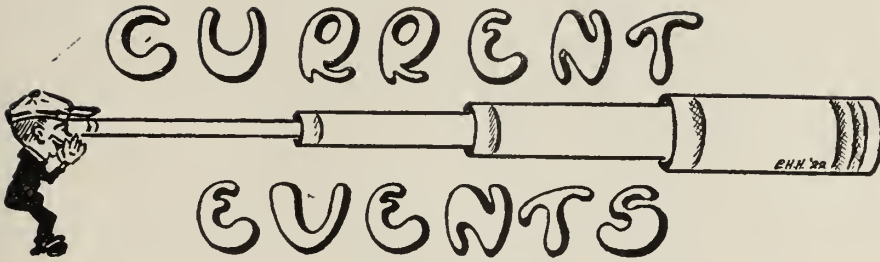
THE SAME
OLD STORY



The
Sign of Faculty



A Ford will be given away to
any pupil guessing the
identity of these teachers.



THE BAND

Two years ago this month, the teacher and the boys of room 304, Franklin Union Annex, decided that English High School should have a Band. A new infant came into being—and a husky one it has grown to be. If you have not heard it, there is something wrong with your ears. This year sixty-two boys are working to make our Band a success. We would like to see one hundred boys in the Band. We do not believe that all the boys who play band instruments, or who would like to play in the Band, have made themselves known. See the Leader. We will do all we can for you,—even to helping you to secure an instrument and you pay for it as you are able. One Dollar Down and Chase Me Style!

The Band was organized primarily to help to create a more intense school spirit. Verily, music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. That is why they put a brass band around a bull-dog's neck. But to our purpose. At the foot-ball, baseball, and track games, mass meetings, etc., the Band wants to be the center of activity. We will play anything our cheer leaders want us to play, and it is their duty to work in harmony with us. Our only complaint is that to date we have not been called upon to further English High School spirit as we should have been. We should have a lot of school singing at all of our games and the Band is ready to lead. GET BEHIND AND PUSH FOR ENGLISH HIGH AND HER BAND.

* * * * *

It certainly seemed strange not to see Major Penny in the Drill Hall when school started, and surely we are all sorry to lose him, although his successor, Lieut. Driscoll, one of our own grads, is an experienced officer well able to carry on Major Penny's great work.

* * * * *

We are sorry that we could not obtain the complete Roster for this issue, but it will certainly appear in the next.

* * * * *

MEETING OF THE ATHLETIC CAPTAINS

The first meeting of the room athletic captains was held Thursday, Oct. 5, 1922, at 2:15, in room 351. Mr. Southworth, the treasurer of the English High School Athletic Association, conducted the assembly. He informed the gathering that Mr. Downey had selected Tuesday, Oct. 10, as "Athletic Association Day," on which dues were to be collected.

Mr. Southworth then distributed cards and papers for use in recording the receipts. He also gave advice as to publicity. Various captains offered suggestions, which were considered. The meeting adjourned at 2:45.

On Friday, September 29, a meeting of the "*Record*" staff was held in Room 109. Mr. Benson explained the duties of the various editors.

Our staff of Current Events Editors has been doubled, so no item of interest to the school ought to escape this column.

* * * * *

STUDENT COUNCIL

The following boys have been elected Student Council Electors:

101—Anopolsky, Abraham	102—Boyle, John J.
103—Doyle, James M.	104—Fishman, Nathan
105—Hatch, Robert S.	106—Kravitz, Max
107—MacDougal, John C.	108—Morse, James S.
109—Sagermaster, Samuel	110—Singer, Sidney
201—Bridges, Frederick	202—Martin, Julius L.
203—Seidler, Jack D.	204—Whiteacre, Robert E.
205—Barron, Max C.	206—Berkofsky, Samuel
207—Burg, Charles	208—Cunningham, Joseph W.
209—Donoghue, Joseph F.	210—Flynn, Arthur J.
301—Grey, Robert T.	302—Josephson, Marcus
303—Kirk, William J.	305—McMorrow, John T.
306—Marder, Arthur	307—Prendergast, Clarence T.
309—Rosenthal, Sydney L.	310—Schuler, Reuben
311—Silver, Archie	312—Trussell, Arthur B.
313—Zelickman, Caspar	151—Ahearn, John
152—Bensen, George C.	153—Caffrey, Joseph
154—Cohen, Reuben	155—Davenport, Elmer E.
156—Kozol, Harry L.	157—Dugan, Frederick C.
158—Francis, Bion H.	159—Ginsburg, Carl
160—Greenberg, Edward H	251—Haskins, Roger E.
252—Kaplan, Hyman	254—Kenny, Paul
255—Leonard, Robert V.	256—Goodman, David
257—McCarthy, William J.	258—Mahoney, Lawrence
259—Milden, Isadore	260—Oliver, Harry
352—Quint, Milton	353—Rubin, Louis
354—Shenker, Harold L.	356—Steinberg, Frederick
357—Townsend, Daniel	358—Walsh, Richard

359—Zisman, Samuel B.

* * * * *

Room athletic captains elected as follows:—

101—Berch, Joel S.	102—Burden, Robert J.
103—Downey, Thomas H.	104—Golden, Leo
105—Jacobs, William M.	106—Kunz, Gordon H.
107—Manucci, Antonio P.	108—Norton, Arthur F.
109—Rollings, Gerald	110—Smith, Arthur L.
201—Brackman, Manuel	202—McLaughlin, William J.
203—Perrine, Thurman B.	204—Walsh, T. Byrne
205—Albert, Edward S.	206—Bonnitto, Vincent H.
207—Buckley, John M.	208—Connors, Edward L.
209—Dimento, Dominic J.	210—Ferguson, Charles W.
301—Hootstein, Charles	302—Kelligrew, John F.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 303—Leo, William J. | 305—McCarthy, Francis C. |
| 306—Mills, Arnold L. | 307—Novitch, Sidney A. |
| 309—Rubin, Daniel S. | 310—Saco, Benjamin J. |
| 311—Sollitto, Leonard A. | 312—Tighe, John G. |
| 313—Whitehouse, George F. | 151—Altshuler, Irving |
| 152—Bartholomew, Anthony | 153—Braines, Jacob |
| 154—Chernov, Harry | 155—Crosson, Archie L. |
| 157—Falkson, Arthur | 158—Feldman, George W. |
| 159—Gorman, Wallace | 160—Gould, Alton C. |
| 252—Herson, Samuel | 253—Jakubowitz, Leo |
| 254—Kelly, Richard J. | 255—Lawlor, Lawrence J. |
| 256—Goldberg, Arnold | 257—Lynch, John E. |
| 258—McLeod, Lawrence | 259—Morang, Edwin S, Jr., |
| 260—O'Donnell, John | 352—Russmon, Robert E. |
| 353—Riddick, George J. | 354—Sandler, Frank F. |
| 356—Spektorsky, Albert | 357—Thomas, John L. |
| 358—Walsh, Thomas | 359—Zide, Maxwell P. |

* * * * *

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. Joy, will startle the school with its program for this year. Besides the twenty-nine veterans of last year, there are fifty newcomers who *are* comers. The outlook for the orchestra this year is particularly bright. With such able musicians as Ziselman, Magazine, Ray Collins, Lipman, and Benjamin, the orchestra ought to fulfill all its expectations. There are still some boys wanted to learn the bass viol and cello. During the coming year the orchestra will fill several important engagements, in and around Boston.

* * * * *

THE CHECKER CLUB

The English High School Checker Club was the first club to get started. Although a few husky athletes didn't report, there were still about fifty who appeared. The meeting was then called to order by O. Zetterbaum '23. The election of officers was then held. The results follow:

- O. Zetterbaum '23—*President*
M. C. Barron '24—*Vice President*
C. Dogan '23—*Secretary*
D. A. Rose '23—*Manager*

In order not to lose time, a meeting was held two days later to run off the first of the preliminaries. At the "sound of the gun," the following matches started off:

<i>Players</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Players</i>	<i>Winner</i>
Barron	Barron	Golub	Karp
Bell		Karp	
Carponelle	Comblatt	Kerrin	Kerrin
Comblatt		Karz	
Drake	Drake	Peter	Silbert
Dison		Silbert	
Berenson	Berenson		
Thomas			

ELECTION OF SENIOR OFFICERS

This year's campaign for the Nominations of Senior officers was the most thrilling and exciting one held in the school for years. Through the maze of thirty-seven aspirants for class honors, the competitors struggled. Pamphlets were circulated, speeches were made and many blackboards of English High School were covered with praises of the candidates. If one approached the Assembly Hall on Oct. 10, 1922, he would think that he stumbled on one of Boston's busiest wards. The following are votes for the first five for each office:

<i>President</i>	<i>Votes</i>	<i>Vice President</i>	<i>Votes</i>
Thos. H. Walsh	78	Edward W. Connors	74
Harry Kozal	77	Gerald D. Rollings	60
Benj. Tabachnick	45	Isadore Wise	55
Hyman Orenberg	37	Charles G. Cronos	50
Robert L. Hatch	37	Joel Goldberg	45

<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	<i>Votes</i>	<i>Executive Committee</i>	<i>Votes</i>
Harry J. Bensen	111	G. Donald Buckner	94
David A. Rose	102	Jacob Holtz	90
Louis Marcus	60	Charles T. Cashman	79
Irwin Springer	39	Joseph P. Guinan	78
Maurice Rich	34	Wm. W. Weiner	70

The final election results were as follows:

President—Harry Kozal

Vice-President—Edward W. Connors

Secretary-Treasurer—David A. Rose

Executive Committee— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{G. Donald Buckner} \\ \text{Jacob Holtz} \end{array} \right.$

We are pleased to see that at the annual meeting of the New England Chemistry Teachers' Association at the Rhode Island State College, Mr. Chas. H. Stone, of English High School, was elected president for the ensuing year.

In the spring of 1922 the National Federation of Music Clubs opened a competition for a prize of \$1000., \$400, of which was for the libretto, or words, of a lyric-dance-drama, and the rest for the musical setting. It was recently announced that the winner of the libretto contest is Mr. Robert F. Allen of Somerville, who teaches English in our own school, and who is also Principal of the Central Evening High School. His production is entitled, "Pan in America" and will be presented with the musical part at the biennial convention of the Federation in Asheville N. C., June, 1923. The libretto, which is entirely in verse, has received much favorable criticism from authorities. This is not Mr. Allen's first venture in either poetry or drama, as he has published a number of brief lyrics in various magazines as well as a few dramatic sketches and a pageant named, "The God of Out-of-Doors."

There are nine new teachers in English High School this year, eight in the Main Building and one in the Collins Building.

Mr. W. H. Loveland is teaching in the English department. He is a Boston boy—a graduate of Hyde Park High School, and the son of a graduate of English High. He received a degree from Dartmouth College and has done graduate work at Harvard. Before coming here, Mr. Loveland taught at Dartmouth and at the University of Minnesota.

Mr. Bernard H. McGrath is a graduate of Boston College, from which he received the degrees of A. B. and A. M. He is at present an instructor of English. Last year Mr. McGrath gained experience in teaching in the history and economics classes of Mr. Winston and Mr. Foley.

Both Mr. Loveland and Mr. McGrath are veterans of the World War.

Mr. John J. Riley was graduated from Boston University last year. He has been an Army Instructor, and, for the past two years has been teaching night school in the Girls' High School. He was a disabled officer in the 101st Regiment of the "Yankee Division."

Mr. Riley is a graduate of E. H. S., Class of 1903. When he left the school he says, he had no idea that nineteen years later he would re-enter it as a member of the faculty. However, he says he is glad to be able to teach in the same school he attended.

M. Rodrigue Chandonnet is a native of France, where he attended the University of Lyons. Before he came to E. H. S., he was an instructor in France; in Eastleigh, England; at the Great Lakes Training Station, Ill.; at Northeastern College, New Haven, Conn.; and at the Braintree High School, Braintree.

M. Chandonnet served in the Naval Aviation Corps of the American Army during the late war. After the signing of the Armistice, he was interpreter to Admiral Long, American Attaché in Paris. He also served as official interpreter at both receptions to President Wilson in Brest.

Mr. Stephen V. White received the degree of Bachelor of Letters from Princeton University in 1916. He also took several courses at Harvard College. His teaching experience has been gained at Princeton Preparatory School in New Jersey, the Hill School in Pennsylvania, and at the Swampscott High School.

Another graduate of Dartmouth who is now teaching in English High School is Mr. John H. Cord. He was graduated in 1911 with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Mr. Cord has taught at Southhampton High School, Southhampton, N. Y.; New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.; and at Brockton High School. During the war, he was connected with the U. S. Chemical warfare service, and was stationed at American University, Washington, D. C. He is a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the New England Association of Chemistry Teachers.

Mr. Charles E. McCool was graduated in June, 1919, from Little Rock College, Little Rock, Arkansas. He taught History and English in Little Rock College from 1919 to 1921, and has been teaching in Boston since.

"ONLY CHILDREN"

Jos. H. Melhado '23

"Herr von Mueller, tell us one of your war stories, please."

The youth was expressing the desire of the group of four young men, eighteen or nineteen years of age, who surrounded an old, bald-headed German, with a white moustache and imperial. Von Mueller was noted among the boys of his district for his stories of the Prussian campaign of '70.

"I'll tell you a story, if you will," he said with that too-perfect enunciation that is usual with educated foreigners who learn our tongue abroad. "I am afraid, however, that you will not understand it. You are only children."

"We're nearly men," said one, boastfully. "Please tell us."

"Very well. Get me my pipe, and I will." They fetched him the desired article, a big weichsel-wood affair with a stem almost as long as that of a hookah, and resting the big flat-bottomed bowl in his lap, he began:

"In one town which we occupied early in the war, and in which we established a supply base, there lived a couple named Moreant. Jacques Moreant was a tradesman in a small way, and a handsome chap; his wife, Renee, was a pretty little girl from Belgium."

"One of the officers of the German garrison was a rather democratic young chap, a captain, named Friedrich—his last name doesn't matter. A supply base is a dull affair, and he occasionally played cards with men of the town, Jacques among them. Between Moreant and the captain, in spite of the fact that they were of opposing armies—for Jacques had been a poilu until he was wounded—sprang up a deep and lasting affection.

"You children, who have seen so little of life, have never really loved.

A passing admiration for some pretty, vapid little girl, a passive love for your parents born out of gratitude for what they have done for you, but a deeper love—no. You know 'greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' I know not whether I have quoted it correctly, but this I do know—Jacques and Friedrich would willingly have died for each other.

"The colonel commanding the post was different from Friedrich—it takes all kinds of people to make up a nation. It is just as great an error to judge Germany by Wilhelm II (curse his soul for putting the stamp of shame upon our country) as it would be to judge ancient Rome by the last of the Tarquins, whom Shakespeare has made infamous, or by Nero. Was George Washington any more representative of his country and his time than Benedict Arnold? There are good and bad in every race, and it is unfair to judge the whole by the part, or the many by the few"

The old man sat back and appeared lost in thought.

"You were saying, sir—?" prompted one of the youths.

"Oh, yes, the story. The colonel was different from most of the garrison. He was a big brute, not at all typical of his race. But his word was law in the garrison, and no one dared dispute him.

"You've read of what happened when Germany entered Belgium in '14? Well, Col. Hauser saw Renee—and after he had killed her, the inhuman monster sent her mangled body to Jacques—his idea of a joke.

"Jacques was really insane for a week, but at the end of that time he recovered sufficiently to challenge Hauser to a

duel. Friedrich was one of his seconds, and stepped onto the field of honor twenty feet behind him—just in time to see Hauser, looking like a devil incarnate (and who is to say he was not one) shoot down the unarmed Frenchman. 'He was an enemy of our country,' said the colonel coolly, staring into the eyes of Friedrich.

"The latter did what he could for Jacques, who was mortally wounded, and whispered into the dying man's ear a promise to avenge him.

" 'No, no,' gasped Moreant, '*He* said to forgive our enemies. Promise me you will not kill him.'

" 'I will not *kill* him,' said the captain meaningly, and Jacques said nothing more. A few minutes later he went smilingly to rejoin Renee.

"When Napoleon capitulated, and Bismarck was distributing rewards of captured French territory, Hauser became 'Graf von Hauser', and was given a large estate at the foot of a high hill. Next to his estate, on the side away from the hill, Friedrich was given a little farm, and a *Von*! Because of the hill, the only winds blew from the ex-captain's little estate to the huge Graf-schaft of his former colonel.

"Although this fact was self-evident, no one was suspicious of Friedrich when the larger estate was overgrown with weeds whose seeds blew in on the wind. Nor was it thought peculiar that the day after Friedrich had been seen to enter a chemist's, Hauser's animals were attacked with a disease that took half of them and more.

"Notwithstanding the fact that these things gave the place so bad a repute that no one would take a mortgage on it, the man who sought to avenge the death of his friend was not satisfied. He sought now to frighten the Graf, who was superstitious, and to send him out of the country. If he could drive

him from his house he knew that he would succeed in this, for the colonel prided himself on his courage, and would not dare to stay where people might laugh at him for a display of cowardice.

"You know those little clocks with ingenious mechanism that makes them ring every day at a certain time—what do you call them?"

"Alarm clocks."

"Yes, alarm clocks. Well, Friedrich got one of those, wound it up, and set it for midnight. Then he hid it in the wall of the Graf's bed-room. How did he get it there? Well, you know the saying, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

"At any rate, the dull humming every night—for the thickness of the walls deadened the shrill ring—suggested ghosts to Hauser's receptive mind. After four nights he fled, with his wife and son, but he went surreptitiously, and eluded the watchful eye of his neighbor.

"For eleven years, Friedrich searched Europe and the Americas for the murderer of his friend, and at last he ran him to earth in Wisconsin. The ex-colonel was now a prosperous brewer, but was masquerading under a new name.

"In his brewery, the avenger obtained a job, taking care to avoid attracting the attention of his former superior officer. With remarkable patience, he worked for two years before an occasion came when the Graf's entire resources were under one roof. Then he set fire to the building, but his enforced flight made him lose trace of the man whom it was his life object to ruin.

"For three years Friedrich worked rebuilding his shattered fortunes. He was fairly successful, and finally again located his quarry in New York state, working as a day laborer on a farm. What a come-down for the proud Graf von Hauser! His wife was dead and his

son had left him. His estates in Germany were forfeited, and he was altogether dependent on his slight wages for his daily bread.

"His vengeance near consummation, Friedrich moved cautiously. After assuring himself that Hauser no longer remembered his former subordinate, he purchased the farm on which the ex-colonel worked—not, however, until he had looked at several others to give the appearance of naturalness—and kept the Graf working a year before he thought it safe to risk gratification of his vengeance.

" 'Otto,' he said to the man—Hauser had assumed the name Otto Erdbeer, 'can I trust you to undertake a confidential mission?'

" 'Oh, yes, sir,' said the one-time colonel, and Friedrich smiled as he remembered how many times he had been forced to 'Mein Herr' the man who now stood so respectfully before him.

" 'Then I will give you this box, which you are not to open till you get to New York. To make sure of the contents reaching its destination, (and the avenger smiled) I am giving you only a one-way ticket.' "

The pipe had now burned out, and

the old man tapped out the ashes. "There's nothing like a weichselwood," he said, and settled back reflectively, as if finished.

"What about the story?" asked the four boys together.

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten. This will tell you the rest," he said, and handed them an old and yellowed news clipping. They all bent over it together and read:

"An unidentified man of rather poor appearance committed suicide by stabbing, in the Grand Central Station today. The only clew to his identity was a paper written in German script, which, translated, reads: 'Remember Jacques and Renee.'

A peculiar circumstance was that the handle of the fatal weapon was covered with dried blood which analysts say may be twenty years old."

"How do you happen to carry the clipping with you? And how do you know the facts so well? Why, you even gave the conversations word for word."

The old man leaned over and filled his pipe before he answered. Then, "I said you were only children," he remarked, and puffed away unconcernedly.





Well, we're off on another big athletic year, one which we all hope will be as successful and as inspiring as the one chalked up on our records last year. Whether or not we repeat our little run of city championship is impossible to foretell at this early hour, but you "birds" who sun yourselves in all the reflected glory, can do a mighty lot towards giving the different teams a push. You can help on the money side, by following the crowd to the games and meets. The hard earned coin that you pay for a ticket, goes directly into the school's athletic fund, to be paid out for the support of the different teams as necessity demands. You can put fighting spirit into our players by showing the world you're not dumb, and giving the team a big cheer now and then. A good husky cheer at the right moment has helped win more than one grid battle; in track, ask McKillop how sweet they sound on the lap towards the tape and victory. But the main thing is to show up at the games and meets. What's the use of having them, if no one has enough school spirit to attend? Think it over.

* * * * *

THE ENGLISH HIGH 1922-23 FOOTBALL TEAM A SUMMARY

Opening the season with a great battle against the big Groton team, who won 7-6, holding the famed Brockton eleven to 13-13, and playing a sweet (?) 0-0 against Boston College High, the Blue and Blue boys have given Coach Murray a lineup on who's who and why.

The Murray team of last fall was known principally for its strength in the centre of the line. With Captain Kolgian at pivot, and Miller and Tremble on either side of him, we were as nicely fortified as any of the local elevens. Kolgian passed out of the picture at graduation. Miller went up to Cushing Academy, and Tremble has got to burn a little 12 o'clock oil. However, from the progress and development of the team thus far, it looks as if we're going to sail pretty well on the troubled waters of the future. Just how well is problematical, and, of course, depends upon a thousand and one unknown factors, which determine the fate of a team throughout the season.

At the first of the season, English had but a sprinkling of veterans back from last year. Captain "Julie" Martin, "Bus" Bridges and "Art" Norton in the backfield, and Tom Walsh and Mike Durant at the tackles. But by now, we've got a nice bunch of boys together, ones who are going to win the championship for us this fall.

A lot of credit is due the English individual stars. There isn't a classier backfield man in Boston, than our scrappy captain, "Julie" Martin. He's a human wildcat on the field, opening up almost impossible holes for his comrades, smashing down the field for long gains, and in every way proving a twisting, dashing terror

for his opponents. Quarterback Norton is showing up in the calcium as a veritable whirlwind. "Art" is one mean runner back of punts, does the drop-kicking and punting for us, and runs off some plays himself in the bargain. Walsh and Durant are towers of strength in the line, ask anybody that ever stayed against them. There are plenty more aggressive players on the Blue and Blue eleven, but lack of space prevents a summary. Prospects are bright for another big year.

* * * * *

THE GROTON GAME

The team played its opening game, as usual, with Groton, and came back with the short end of a 7-6 score. There was much fumbling by both teams, but Groton was usually the quicker of the two to recover. In the first quarter, we fumbled, and Goodwin of Groton scooped up the ball and raced 50 yards for the first score. Groton added another point a moment later by a place kick from scrimmage. We made our score in the third quarter, when Capt. "Julie" made a 25-yard run, bringing the ball to Groton's eight-yard line, and on the next play made the touchdown. The try for goal failed. As a whole, for a raw team, we did pretty well, ripping up holes at will and consistently making gains. Groton was not so good on the offensive.

Here is the line-up for our first battle.

GROTON 7	E. H. S. 6
Satterlee (Robertson), l.e.	r.e., Mutrie, (O'Keef)
Goodwin (Parkinson), l.t.	r.t., Durant
Wardwell, l.g.	r.g., French
Kilborne (Bigelow), c.	c., Mills
Clark (Capt.), r.g.	l.g., Farrenkoph (Johnson)
Mosley (White), r.t.	l.t., Walsh
Cheney (Taylor), r.e.	l.e., Comfrey (Norton, Daley)
Chauncey, q.b.	q.b., Norton
Stone, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Boyle
Ward (McGebee), r.h.b.	l.h.b., Martin (Capt.)
Beddall (Williams), f.b.	f.b., Bridges

Touchdowns—Goodwin, and Martin. Goal from touchdown—Chauncey.
Time—Four 8 minute periods.

* * * * *

THE BROCKTON GAME

October 6, was Governor's Day at the famous Brockton Fair. But that didn't mean a thing to our team, or to about half the Senior class, who mysteriously got down somehow. We were there to play football, and to watch football, and I'll say we did, everybody included. You all know the tough result, a 13-13 tie. The Shoe City boys got the kick-off, and through a fumble recovered the ball. A series of straight center and guard drives gave them a touchdown, before the quarter was three minutes old. Good old "Julie" lined up, and scared the tar out of the Red and Black backfield. He had them chasing him almost at will, all over the field, and ripped off several long, spectacular runs good for 20, 35 and 45 yards. In the first quarter, "Julie" went over for a touchdown, but we lost out on the extra point. In the third quarter, "Julie" pulled down another nice bunch of points after a long end run. Norton dropped the ball over the goal, and English stood nicely in the lead. But alas! In the last period, the Red and Black team by a series of line plunges pushed the ball over, and at the try for goal successfully put the pigskin over the uprights.

BROCKTON HIGH

Creeden (Helgerson), l.e.

Smith, l.t.

Robinson (Spadea), l.g.

Farley, c.

Gannon, r.g.

Bryant, r.t.

Egger (Hultman), r.c.

Gurney, q.b.

Weston (Sundstrom), l.h.b.

Young, r.h.b.

Houde (Weston), f.b.

ENGLISH HIGH

r.e., Mutrie (Daly, Dunlop)

r. t., Durant

r.g., French

c., Mills (Whittaker)

l.g., Farrenkoph

l.t., Walsh(Thackerberry)

l.e., Comfrey

q.b., Norton

r.h.b., Bridges

l.h.b., Martin

f.b., Boyle (Flahive)

Score—Brockton High 13, Boston English High 13. Touchdowns—Gurney, Martin 2, Weston. Goals kicked after touchdowns—Norton, Spadea. Referee—E. F. Laughlin of Harvard. Umpire—J. H. Crowley of Posse. Head linesman—F. J. O'Brien of Harvard.

* * * * *

THE B. C. HIGH GAME

Well, dawg-gone the luck, anyway. Here we have to go and tie Boston College High again. Just as if that 7-7 score two years ago wasn't enough. Well, it was a good game, at any rate. Columbus Day dawned clear and just right for the mighty game of kick. The B. C. H. team received the kick-off and in the first down showed their class, with a nifty 20 yard end run. The first half saw a punter's battle between our own Norton and Conlan of B. C. H. Martin and Norton did some nice running back of punts. The reverse play, which gained so many yards against Brockton, struck a snag, and refused to come through. Then came the second half, and with it two big chances to score. In the third period we were within 6 yards of the goal, and lost out on downs. In the fourth frame, the Murray aggregation needed but a few minutes longer, and the game would have been theirs. Norton featured his game with numerous forwards, while the B. C. H. quarter specialized on end runs.

The score and line-up.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH-0

Daley (Dillon, Rizzo), l.e.

Hood, l.t.

Kiley (Creaney), l.g.

Dwyer, c.

O'Donnell (McSweeney), r.g.

Logue, r.t.

McDermott (McCarthy), r.c.

Fahey (White, Buckley), q.b.

Conlon (McGovern), l.h.b.

Norton (Fitzgerald), r.h.b.

McMenimen, f.b.

E. H. S.-0

r.e., Daley (Mutrie, Donlop)

r.t., Durant

r.g., French

c., Mills

l.g., Farrenkoph

l.t., Walsh

l.e., Comfrey, (J. Norton)

q.b., A. Norton(Sargent

r.h.b., Martin

l.h.b., Bridges

f.b., Boyle (Brackman, Flahive)

Referee—J. W. Mooney. Umpire—T. F. McCabe. Lineman—F. Ryan. Time—10-min. periods.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Edward N. Wilson is now in complete charge of the Minor Sports program at English. He knows athletics from the inside, and is very well liked by the fellows. Best wishes, Mr. Wilson.

Our list of minor sports includes: hockey, golf, tennis, rifle, and swimming. This is rather a dull time for these sports, but they will all be starting up soon. Watch the bulletin boards or look up Mr. Wilson, room 151.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

Captain "Art" Norton is looking forward to another big year, with another city championship in sight. Prospects seem very good, for the team has a fine nucleus to build on, with all of last year's men back again. Manager Hartigan is now arranging the schedule, and he promises a program even better than last year.

* * * * *

RIFLE

The rifle team will be called out any day now, and if any of you fellows shoot anything more than "craps," come up to the Bay State School of Musketry, and let Captain "Bill" Jacobs give you the once-over. McNeil is manager, and will announce his schedule soon. Letter men back, include Lapsworth, Hatch, Simmons, Swan, Hickey, Byrnes, Haddock, Capt. Jacobs, and Manager McNeil.

* * * * *

SWIMMING

The swimming team this year seems to be sort of "out of luck" with no captain, no manager, and almost no team. Here is a big chance for you speed kings to get an easy letter, and some nice trips. Men are needed in all events: dashes, fancy diving and plunge.

* * * * *

TENNIS

The annual fall tennis tournament is now being held, and the semi-finalists out of a field of thirty or more, are Golden and Soroker. These two boys will play a final match, and the winner will become captain of the team, the loser manager. Schiller, of last year's Latin team, is expected to strengthen our forces this coming season.

* * * * *

ATHLETIC BULLETIN BOARD

Attention is called to the new athletic bulletin in the second corridor, opposite the bank. You know that English isn't so slow about getting write-ups of the teams and of the fellows. This bulletin provides a means of exhibition for our modest heroes, and for descriptions of the games. Take a look at it and see if you don't recognize some friend, or maybe yourself.

* * * * *

Games yet to be played in the Football Schedule.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Place</i>
Oct. 24	Dorchester	Braves Field
Nov. 3	Mechanic Arts	Braves Field
Nov. 11	Marblehead	Marblehead
Nov. 20	Commerce	Braves Field
Nov. 30	Latin	Braves Field



UNDER THE
SAME ROOF ~

LAST YEAR

English - 0
Latin - 0

THIS YEAR
English - 21
Latin - 0

WELL
THERE'S
NO LAW
AGAINST
THINKING!

HEY THERE!
COME TO
LIFE!

TILL DREAMING ~

IN THE LIMELIGHT

BACK TO THE BOTTLE?

HOW THE
PROGRAM
CARD LOOKED
LIKE TO
MANY OF US
IN THE
BEGINNING

WITH SUCH AN ARRAY OF STARS THE
BLUE AND BLUE SHOULD COP THE LAURELS ~

'ART'NORTON, CAPT.
SPEEDY Q.B.
WILL CALL
THE SIGNALS
AND DO THE
PUNTING

FROM
THIS YEAR

THE CENTER POSITION
HAS NO WORRIES FOR
'FREDDIE' WITH
'AL' LICHENSTEIN
HOLDING
DOWN THE
BERTH

THE ONLY TIME
THEY CAN GO
THROUGH 'MIKE'
DURANT IS
WHEN HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS

TOM WALSH,
CRACK TACKLE IS
PLAYING A GAME
THAT BRINGS CREDIT
TO OUR ALMA MATER

THE WAY
'TOE' COMFREY
PLAYS 'END',
MAKES 'RED' ROBERTS
WANT TO HANG
HIS SHOES UP

Yeah
Oh! I'm
fainting!

YE GODS! 'POINTY'
GLAD HE'S THROUGH.
WHO TOLD HIM
HE COULD BE
A PEN PUSHER
HEY?

CHARLES G. CRONUS '23



At the beginning of the coming school year, we wish to extend a hearty invitation to all our contemporaries to exchange with us. Although our criticisms may be keen at times, we hope that they will be received in the spirit in which they are given—that of goodfellowship. If, however, a comment on any magazine fails to appear, on account of limited space, sit tight, for it will surely find its way into the next *Record*.

We welcome the *Breeze* of Alaska, as we do the Revere, Mass., *Gale*, the Wis. *Flambeau* as we do the Billerica, Mass., *Torch*, the St. Paul *Gleam* as we do the Marblehead, Mass., *Headlight*.

Come One! Come All! Come Often!

* * * * *

Salute THE PIONEER, Frankford High School, Philadelphia, Pa.:—Such a club department we have never before even glimpsed. We compliment you on having notes of the activities of no less than ten thriving clubs, each note headed with a particular cut. The May cover is unusually artistic, while the cuts are good. It is pleasing to note your fine literary department, which trails to a climax, nevertheless, among the ads. You also have a good advertising manager. But we recommend, *Pioneer*, that some of your overflowing ambition be turned over to the exchange department. Just the same, Some paper! Some School!

* * * * *

GENERATOR, Santa Ana High School, Cal.:—We are pleased to see your recognition of the faculty as such a powerful factor of the school. We notice that you have good subjects for your editorials, but we think that they might be a little better developed. Most publications have found it poor principle not to even recognize their "exchanges," while the majority of papers also comment on them.

* * * * *

Back again! The NORTHEASTERN TECH, Boston:—We like "The Value of The Editorial" as a novel article filling a longfelt demand, which goes hand-in-hand with the call for All-American, clean, sportsmanlike, editorials. Your "It Is A Rumored Fact" column is up-to-date and ought to catch the humorist's eye.

* * * * *

PASADENA CHRONICLE, Pasadena High, Cal.:—It is fine to see cartoons in a weekly paper like yours. Your paper must be a "howling success" to get along without ads. That shows a hearty school spirit and an apparent willingness

to co-operate on the part of the students. "And all for gold" is one of the most philosophical editorials we have yet seen, but it is true, oh! so true! We do not care for your poems, which, we regret, are similar to many other high school attempts. Certain features of your arrangement, such as your sport page, are quite good for a weekly paper.

* * * * *

The HAMPTON STUDENT, Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Va.:—As we go through your magazine from cover to cover, we do not find a single story. If it is your policy to give only news, all is well; but many of your articles do not tend that way. In your discussion of existing problems you have good ideas, but your editorials are decidedly commonplace. Brace up!

* * * * *

The BOWDOIN ORIENT, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.:—Your treatment of the question of college athletics is preeminent among those we have seen, for you embody both an appeal and a statement of fact. The Boston English High is always glad to hear from Bowdoin College.

* * * * *

The HUNTINGTON RECORD, Huntington School, Boston:—We think you do well as a weekly serving a school the size of yours. Your past advertising manager did excellently. Your advertisers "are your friends." You have an agreeable arrangement by keeping your ads on the last page.

* * * * *

The BREEZE, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.—Your class directory is written in an interesting manner, especially to an outsider. Your graduates will also be able to look back on your fine summary of the school, its activities, and its Commencement Season. Your miniature "Who's Who" is witty. As for form, your paper takes the lead. A very fine magazine, but a bit too expensive.

* * * * *

The PANORAMA, Binghamton, N. Y.:—You have a quite well selected batch of jokes in your "Humor Number." When we received our latest copy of your magazine, we found on the cover: "Please Exchange and Comment." How about practising what you preach? We suggest that you be careful not to have too many poems in proportion to the number of stories. From the last two instalments of your serial story, "Music Hath Charms," we formed a good opinion of its author's work. You also have (or had) an able contributor in J. F. O'Connor.

* * * * *

Sap: "Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Teacher: "Of course not. Why do you ask?"

Sap: "Well, it says in the book, that after his day's work, he sat on his chest."

* * * * *

She: "I wouldn't marry you, if you were the last man on earth."

He (most likely an E. H. S. "Grad"): "Of course not! You'd get killed in the rush."

* * * * *

HEARD IN H—

Mr. W.: "What do you know about the age of Elizabeth!"

Bright-eyes: "Er—well, she'll be nineteen, Friday."



By the time this edition of the *Record* is printed there will probably be two *Record* contribution boxes placed in the lower corridors of the school. See how quickly you can fill 'em up with good, clean, snappy jokes. Don't leave it all to the poor Locals Editor. He's overworked enough as it is. Poor soul!

* * * * *

ADDED ATTRACTION

After this issue, the best jokes sent in to the *Record* will be placed first, in the place of honor, with the name of the sender after it, so sign your name to your contributions, and see your name in print.

The Locals Editor and other learned men will be the judges.

* * * * *

HEARD IN DRILL

High Private: "The captain said somethin' about fortifications. What are they?"

Corporal: "I'm surprised at your ignorance. Didn't you know that two twentyfications make a fortification?"

* * * * *

Two English 'sharks' were talking on a corner. Quoth one, "Which is correct, 'ezackly' or 'dizackly'?" Replied the other, "Neither. They're both wrong. You should say, 'perzackly.'"

* * * * *

THINGS TO LEARN

"No matter how fast a fish swims, it never sweats."

"No matter what color a school book is, it's always read."

* * * * *

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

"A certain well known man was addressing a high school on "Cruelty to Animals." He waxed eloquent in his appeal for the poor, dumb animals. Then

calming down and trying to arouse the sympathy of the students, he exclaimed, "Oh, students, if only you knew what it is to be dumb."

* * * * *

We received the following letter the other day: "I have tried your medicine and found it a success. It worked wonders with me. I am no longer bow-legged, I am knock-kneed."

* * * * *

Hubby: "Say, wife, I wish you'd quit chasing around from one afternoon tea to another. You should take up some good exercise, golf for instance."

Wife: "Thank you, Edward, but as far as I know, that's all there is to your old golf; chasing from one tee to another."

* * * * *

A visitor to a penitentiary noticed among the laborers, an old acquaintance. "Why, Jim," he said, "I didn't know you were here. How long are you sent up for? Life?"

"No, not for life," said the other, "just from now on."

* * * **

Mr. X——, received a paper the other day, which read: "General Braddock was killed in that battle. Three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

* * * * *

A visitor to Florida asked a native of that state if he could direct him to a bathing place, free from alligators.

The native complied with his request.

When the visitor had bathed to his heart's content, he returned and said, "How is it, that there are no alligators here. Every other place I tried had swarms of them."

"Well," replied the native, "there's a reason, boss. Them alligators wuz all chased away by the sharks."

* * * * *

Fond Mother: "And what did my little pet learn in school today?"

The Apple of her Eye: "I learned two kids better'n to call me 'mama's boy.' "

* * * * *

Teacher: "——and furthermore, I have always made it my policy to do nothing in private, that I wouldn't do in public."

Angel-face: "Oh, teacher, how could you? Don't you ever take a bath?"

* * * * *

AT LAST YEAR'S CLASS DANCE

The Pride of the Class: "Oh, I could just dance like this forever."

She: "Oh, of course you don't mean that! You're bound to improve!"

* * * * *

A man bought a book, but found that it was 'dry' and uninteresting. He did not care to throw it away, so he presented it to a friend.

A week later, he asked his friend how he had found the book.

"It was just exactly right," replied his friend.

"What do you mean by 'just exactly right,' " he asked.

"Well, if it had been any better, you wouldn't have given it to me; and if it had been any worse I couldn't have read it."

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Headquarters

3rd Sport Clothes for
Women and Girls
Girls' Camp Department

2nd Men's and Young Men's
Sport Clothes
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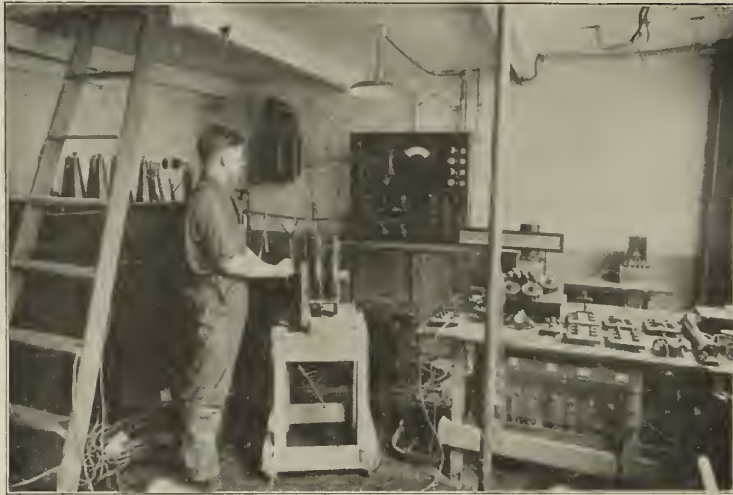
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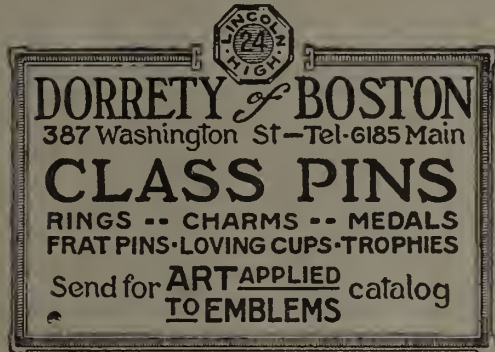
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